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POLITICS REGAINED



"Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."

POLITICS REGAINED

BY

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WITH INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

BY

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AMHERST PUBLISHING COMPANY

AMHERST, N. H.

1920

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NOV 12 1920

INTRODUCTION

“Know, therefore, when my season comes to sit
On David’s throne, it shall be like a tree
Spreading and overshadowing all the earth,
Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash
All monarchies besides throughout the world,
And of my kingdom there shall be no end.
Means there shall be to this ; but what the means
Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell.”

“Who ever, by consulting at thy shrine
Returned the wiser or the more instruct
To fly or follow what concerned him most
And run not sooner to his fatal snare ?
For God hath justly given the nations up
To thy delusions ; justly, since they fell
Idolatrous.”

ULYSSES

**"To the winds they set
Their corners when with blusters to confound."**

Now welcome, Brother, from thy pilgrimage
Across the sea!
Didst find it free,
Or in its foaming rage
Compelling tribute from thine innermost
As on its surge thou tosst?
Or didst thou soothe
Its yeasty undulations
As were they warring nations
With Delphic phrase and make them smooth?
What bringest thou within thy leathern scrip
Back from thy trip
To keep thy self-sought tryst
Where God grinds at His mill
All-patient and All-just? Didst fill
Thy scrip with wholesome grist
To give thy people of their staff
Of life and nourishment,
Or hast thou spent
Their substance for but chaff?
Or shall they find that thou hast pinned
Their faith again to wind?
The gifts of Aeolus with all the craft
Of sailoring Ulysses wrought in vain
Could not prevail against the Gods to waft
His puny ship back to its port again.
So, tossing empty windbags overside
And reefing veering sail to futile mast
With valiant hearts their own strong arms they plied
And came to long lost Ithaca at last.

THE SHIP

“Created hugest that swim the ocean-stream.”

Swift through black squalls and driving snow
Surged the great ship of State
The “Washington,”
Blind in the murk but speeding on
Her course true to her loyalty that Fate
Was kind her Captain at her bow.
Then crackled loud the wireless
And crafty words and veiled hypocracies
Sped forth: threats that unless
The Truth be gagged with lies
Chaos would rule, and that the land
Upon whose stern and rock-bound coast first stand
For freedom in the new world hithersea
By those brave seekers for the Truth and Liberty
Had been maintained would stand in shame
Before the world.
Then did the great ship groan
That from her decks Untruth had flown
Abroad to be proclaimed,
And sought to hurl herself upon the rocks
That she remain unshamed
Before such mocks
Of her great name.

REBIRTH

"For Chaos heard his voice."

Now has the world been born again!
Not from the womb of Space
But from a fountain pen,
And in the place
Of Universal Law to save it from the brink
Of Chaos shall it gravitate
By virtue of a document of state
Writ by the midwife's hand in turgid ink.

ANACHARSIS

“Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions I reduce.”

Just as old Anacharsis Cloatz
Shot off his own pet League of Nations,
So now our Mr. Wilson shoots
The same old stuff in his orations.
An hundred years and more are gone
Since rocket-like it rose on high
When Anacharsis touched it off,
Stick-like upon the earth to die.
Yet seemingly, die it did not
But got put into an asylum
And now escaped seeks the old spot
And newer listeners to beguile 'em.
Sans vision, teeth, and everything
That gives to strength of life its glow,
With halting steps, from senile mind
It prates of things which are not so.
But though the listeners understand
It's folly, they are kindly men,
And listening wait to take its hand,
Back to the Old Folks' Home again.

THE LEAGUE

“Oh argument blasphemous, false and proud.”

“He kept us out of war.”

Now that its thunders cease

He sets his will as law

And keeps the world from peace.

With cart before his horse

Fast hitched, on single track,

He cannot make the course,

He will not back.

A League? So be it, when the job is done

That makes France safe and Belgium's wrongs repaired;

Then let it be a league against the Hun,

Not one to coddle him that he be spared,

And set in company with honest men,

That he may seek to cut their throats again.

THE INTERPRETERS

—“with grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
A pillar of state.”

With covenants and Leagues a-whirl within my head,
Sonorous phrases circling through my mind,
I sought my bed,
Perchance some peace to find.
I dreamed,
And first it seemed
I stood within a burial place
Beneath great cypresses with rows on rows
Of marble monuments to those
Who having served to keep
The Law
Now for a space
Sought likewise rest in sleep.
It might not be.
“Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!”
Proclaimed a voice
And left no choice
But listen to its words. Then came
In tones melodious, lofty, the self-same
Preamble ambulating on
That I had sought to flee
When bedward I had gone.

Then as the Articles winged forth in their full flight
Of phrase I seemed to hear the sound
As of one in sore plight
Beneath the ground,
As though he groaned and turned
Upon the grid whereon he burned.
Then the sod broke
And at my hand upsat
Sir Edward Coke.
“God’s Blood, what’s that!”
He spoke.
Then as the Voice intoned another Article profound
There groaned another sleeper from the ground

And William Blackstone sat up in his grave.
Cried he, "Me Lud, The Councillor doth rave!"
Stayed not the Voice upon its course
But went from bad to worse,
And as some fierce volcanic wrench
Had wrought beneath the sod
The mighty Eldon rose as to his bench
And roared "My God!"
So sat they listening till the Voice was spent.
Then said the Chancellor, "if be it the intent
That we do now discover what is meant
By these fair words and phrases fine
So that men may divine
The workings of this instrument
I say it is too much for me.
Ned, William, do you both agree?"
And nodding as the Gods so nodded the Big Three.
Then said the Chancellor "Let this be the decree."
And banging on his coffin with his fist,
"With costs; the bill's dismissed!"

PETER

**"Here pilgrims roam, that strayed so far to seek
In Golgotha him dead who lives in Heaven."**

Within a cave among the hills and rocks
The holy Peter sat.
Not he who was the Rock whereon was reared
The mighty edifice of Rome;
The man of righteous wrath
With sword in hand
Who sought to save his Master from the end
He sought
That His will might be done;
He who went forth, the seeking found,
Among the people of the earth
To tell them of the words his ears had heard
Straight from the Master's tongue
In all their privy,
But one who sat apart from all mankind,
Blind to the earthly burdens borne,
Deaf to all human speech,
But seeing visions in the cavern gloom
And hearing voices singing in his ears
He deemed celestial.
So was he obsessed,
Lost to the living Truth those words had told,
That dwelt he sole upon the Sepulchre
Wherein He who had spoke those words
Did lie.
This place lay in the power of the Infidels
And must be saved
Or all the world was lost;
And he who led to save it from the Saracens
Would be a greater one in God's own eyes
Than Gregory the Pope at Rome himself.
So came he down from out the desert place
And preached
With all the pent up fire long suppressed
That they who would their own salvation find
Must follow him full faith
Where voice and visions led.

The peoples heard,
Inflamed, and gathered in a multitude,
And leagued themselves, blind in the new taught faith,
To set their eyes upon the Holy Sepulchre
And see naught else between.
Then fared they eastward forth
With Peter in the lead,
Knights clad in armor, bearing lance and sword,
Men, women, old and young, unarmored save in faith,
And little children singing in great companies
As sought they Him who loved them more than all.
These unprovisioned Peter led,
Eyes blinded with the glory of his quest
And of his own to be.
First fell the children on the way
To seek His side from utter weariness.
Then those whose bodies failed
As spirit flagged.
Then those who naked stood before the darts
Of the Hungarians.
Then those who starved.
Then those who fell too weak to rise again
From out the bogs that sucked them down
To die.

THE LOBBYIST

**"He, leading swiftly rolled
In tangles and made intricate seem straight
To mischief swift."**

Master or minion of another's mind,
The chooser by the chosen set
At his right hand,
The one
Of all his hundred million fellow citizens
Alone deemed fit
To enter in the silences
And watch the incubation
Of the Newer Universe;
Unlearned,
Swift argosies of Magi from the West
Consigned to him on S. O. S.
To prime him with the things he does not know,
And yet proclaimed as wise
Despite his written words,
And thrust as peer
Upon the gathered wisdom of the heirs
Of centuries
That he the gamester self-proclaimed
Of peanut politics
May deal and shuffle in the game
With Fate.
Through him the Nation, dumb,
Is held to speak
In furtive whispers of the lobbyist,
Through him the Nation, blind,
Is held to grope
Gunshoed and pussyfoot,
Tiptoeing through the corridors of palaces.
Through him,
The biggest boss or bluff
In all its history,
The Nations' will and purpose have become
A joke.

THE BRETHREN

"Attended with ten thousand saints
He onward came; far off his coming shone.

"And live in thee transplanted and from thee
Receive new life."

The volley! muffled drums!
Taps!
And the silence of the ages comes.
With sobs and sorrow pent
And faces grim
Stands fast his regiment,
Eyes dim with love of him
God-given in name and deed
To lead
In time of need.
The drums!
Swift stands intent
The regiment.
Up comes his charger's crest.
He neighs, as had he gazed
Upon his master's shade.
Then forward sways
To sob of heart and throb of drum
The regiment, whence it had come,
North, south, east, west,
To bear his word like flaming sword
Throughout the land he loved the best.
On shall it go
Immortal, through the land,
Throughout the world;
Its task that it unmask
Hypocrisy and lay it low.
And with his standard of the Right unfurled
Fight for it to the death
As fought to his last breath
He who still leads it on
To Victory won.

Once more the drums,
No longer throbbing with the grief
For the great chief
They mourned,
But as the tumult of the ocean comes
With rising overwhelming tide
Of wrath
Against the puny things endured and scorned
Man builds across its path
Now to be hurled aside.
Unswathed, the banner of the regiment
Gleams like the sign set in the sky
God sent,
Guidon of Truth and Right,
As onward to the fight
The ranks go marching by
With one of lion heart and staunch as oak
In lead
Upon the gallant steed
Who heard his voice alone
Of all who spoke
His hero gone.
So the great mother of us all
First heard these things,
And brushing from her eyes the tears,
Then saw. Death in his pall
Fled on his grisly wings
With all his fears
From Life regained,
And as the leader reined
And leaped down from his seat
To kneel in service at her feet
Her sword unstained
She raised, and with its flaming blade
Gave him the accolade.
"Rise up!" she said,
"My knight and champion.
Lead on!"

LA PUCELLE BLESSEE

“Great are thy virtues.”

France lies as that one fallen among thieves
Beside the path
As lay she when the nations came in righteous wrath
And drove the thieves away.
Still by her side they stay
And each one grieves
Within its heart for her grown weak
From ravishment and wounds
Each one as glorious as those from which redounds
The glory of the One who saved mankind.
And as the nations saw so shall they seek
Those wounds to bind.

Now comes the High Priest of the Pharisees.
His heart the inner shrine
Of righteousness of self.
Upon his brow white shine
His broad phylacteries
Of holiness. Intent on place or pelf
He hastens on his way
To seek what he may find
To make his own,
Nor will he turn his face or stay
Although he hears her groan
But to her wounds wills that his eyes be blind.

TO FRANCE

“For good unknown sure is not had, or, had
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.”

Nay France, 'tis not America that speaks!
Not she that seeks
To thrust a canting brotherhood
With murderers upon the men who stood
Against their might and lust;
Who said “they shall not pass!”
And made them bite the dust.
Lose not your trust,
That trust so late deserved
So hardly won
Now war is done!
’Tis not America! It is one man who speaks.
One man, and he the same
Who voiced the coward claim
Of proud poltroonery as hers;
One in whose heart there stirs
The fluid of a fish;
The one who voiced the wish
That you come not victorious to peace;
The one who did not cease
To prate and palter on for years
Until his fears
For his own self-advancement now allayed
Turned into hopes for more,—
But not before.
So was your sister stayed.
That is the voice you hear,
The voice of one apart.
Soon shall her own voice speak.
She will not break
Your heart!

THE HIGH COMMAND

"I commanded the Twenty-Sixth Division."

Woodrow Wilson at Boston, February 1919.

**"And thou in military prowess next,
Gabriel."**

Said Sargint Johnny Cassidy to Corp'ril Jimmy Shea
"What in the love uv Hivv'n's this the paper has to say!
'There ain't no sinse into it. 'The types must ha' got mixt.
'The Prisdint warn't in command o' the Ould Twenty-
sist'."

"Who says he was," says Jimmy.

"Himself," says Sargint John.

"The hell he was," says Jimmy.

"He's givin' youse the con."

Said Sargint Johnny Cassidy to Corp'ril Jimmy Shea
"'Twas Gin'ral Edwards on the ship when we sailed
down the bay.

And thin I seen him Over 'There a-workin' at H. Q.
I never seen the Prisdint a-takin' a review."

"Who says he did," says Jimmy.

"Himself," says Sargint John.

"Loike hell he did," says Jimmy.

"He's givin' youse the con."

Said Sargint Johnny Cassidy to Corp'ril Jimmy Shea
"They run the 'Twenty-sixt' out there in somethin' loike
this way.

'Twas Edwards passed the word to Cole, thin Logan to
the byes.

God help me, on the Prisdint I niver laid me oiyes."

"Who says ye did," says Jimmy.

"Himself," says Sargint John.

"Loike hell ye did," says Jimmy.

"He's givin' youse the con."

Said Sargint Johnny Cassidy to Corp'ril Jimmy Shea
"There's one damn thing I'm damn sure av, no matter
what ye say.

I'm sure it warn't the Prisidint a-leadin' on ahead
The toime I got meself me Hun and thin me junk o'
lead."

"Who says it was," says Jimmy.

"Himself," says Sargint John.

"Loike hell it was," says Jimmy.

"He's givin' youse the con."

Said Sargint Johnny Cassidy to Corp'ril Jimmy Shea
"There's one thing I'll not understand until me dyin' day.
How could the Prisidint be there across at Schipperay
And him adjournin' politics three thousand miles away!"

"Who said he was," says Jimmy.

"Himself," says Sargint John.

"Loike hell he was," says Jimmy.

"He's givin' youse the con."

THE KINGS

"When he who rules is worthiest, and excels
Them whom he governs."

Where are the Kings of former days!
The rulers by the Grace of God;
The Caesars to whom it was held but meet
To render what was theirs
As common justice done
By God's own Son:
The Men on Horseback whose swift chargers trod
The people underneath their feet
The while the people chanted songs of praise;
Now will the people with aught but a clod
Greet Kings by the Grace of God?

Is He the power that upholds the rule
Of looting, lustful murderers? Or of the tool
Of half-taught ignorance that twists the Truth
To lies upon the rack,
Himself, self-seeking, impotent, but at his back
A brutal mob? Then where good sooth
Is God
That he sends not again
The Kingly Kings of men!

PROHIBITIA

"The rule of not too much, by temperance taught."

Thy vices reft from thee,
Sweet New Democracy,
Of them I sing.
Thy out- and indoor sports;
Thy ancient rums and ports;
At thy gilt framed resorts
In vain we ring.

Only the memories
Of thy lost liberties
May with us stay.
No more the ponies prance;
Closed are thy games of chance;
No more the passing glance
Makes bright the day.

When comes upon the earth
Of vices such a dearth,
Death hath no sting.
Wine may no longer flow;
Women may come and go;
Let every freeman know
He still may sing!

THE LEAGUERS

**"Grey-headed men and grave, with warriors mixed
Assemble, and harangues are heard."**

The tumult and the shouting dies ;
The Bakers and the Tafts depart ;
We listened to their joyous cries
But no new thing did they impart.
What is it we are going to get ?
We don't know yet. We don't know yet.

Now fare they forth throughout the land
To speak again as here they spoke,
And soothe the people's loud demand
That it may buy a pig in poke.
What is it we are going to get ?
We don't know yet. We don't know yet.

Some still benighted put their trust
In what their fathers wrought and planned
And are not blinded by word dust
But wait until they understand.
From frantic scheme and foolish word
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord.

THE VOICE

**"for of whom such massacre
Make they but of their brethren."**

Inspired by the thrilling Russian Voice
Which calls to us to say what we desire;
To say in what if anything our choice
Is not as theirs; to what high aspirations higher
Than had their spirit flown
Would soar our own,—
So did the Voice sound musical to him
Like that of Cherubim,
Him who hears but the voices of the air
And shut his ears to that of his own land
When it but asks that it may understand
His ministry of things put in his care.
This man then said that hand in hand
We walked with them; sat with them at the salt upon
the board;
Their aspirations ours, ours theirs;
With theirs our spirit soared,
And to set free the two from all their cares,
That Brotherhood should be and war should cease
Proclaimed his program of The Perfect Peace,
The only one that satisfied his soul;
And that it might lead to a lofty goal
He saw in vision vibrant from the thrills
That he might gain himself, made it no worse;
And no man might rehearse
How pregnant was it of a myriad ills.
Then by the might of valiant men
Came Victory, but came not with it Peace.
He bars the way.
Now speaks the thrilling Voice again.
No man can stay
Nor will it cease.
Now does he find it thrill
Howling "Kill! Kill!"

IN MEMORIAM

**"Shalt thou give law to God? Shalt thou dispute
With Him the points of Liberty?"**

There were 14 peace points hanging on the wall.
There were 14 peace points hanging on the wall.
Take pitiless publicity down from the wall
And there's thirteen peace points hanging on the wall.

There were 13 peace points hanging on the wall.
There were 13 peace points hanging on the wall.
Freedom of the seas comes down from the wall
And there's twelve little peace points hanging on the
wall.

There were 12 little peace points hanging on the wall.
There were 12 little peace points hanging on the wall.
Tariffs and duties come down off the wall
And eleven little peace points are hanging on the wall.

There's 11 little peace points hanging on the wall.
There's 11 little peace points hanging on the wall.
Armies and navies come down off the wall
And there's ten little peace points hanging on the wall.

There's 10 little peace points hanging on the wall.
There's 10 little peace points hanging on the wall.
Take the colonies down from the wall
And there's nine little peace points hanging on the wall.

There's 9 little peace points hanging on the wall.
There's 9 little peace points hanging on the wall.
Hang Mr. Trotzky high on the wall
And there's eight little peace points hanging on the wall.

There's 8 little peace points hanging on the wall.
There's 8 little peace points hanging on the wall.
No one thinks of Belgium now at all
And there's seven little peace points hanging on the wall.

There's 7 little peace points hanging on the wall.
There's 7 little peace points hanging on the wall.
France takes her own back over the wall
And there's six little peace points hanging on the wall.

There's 6 little peace points hanging on the wall.
There's 6 little peace points hanging on the wall.
Italy gets what she wants, that's all.
And there's five little peace points hanging on the wall.

There's 5 little peace points hanging on the wall.
There's 5 little peace points hanging on the wall.
Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall
And there's four little peace points hanging on the wall.

There's 4 little peace points hanging on the wall.
There's 4 little peace points hanging on the wall.
Down from the Balkans came another squall
And there's three little peace points hanging on the wall.

There were 3 little peace points hanging on the wall.
There were 3 little peace points hanging on the wall.
Carve up Turkey, there's enough for all,
And there's two little peace points hanging on the wall.

There's 2 little peace points hanging on the wall.
There's 2 little peace points hanging on the wall.
Paderewski played in his home town hall
And there's one little peace point hanging on the wall.

There was 1 little peace point hanging on the wall.
There was 1 little peace point hanging on the wall.
Knox knocked the box and the sox and all,
And there's no little peace points hanging on the wall.

THE IMMIGRANTS

**"Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape."**

Stood shivering on the Door-mat of Columbia
Two cunning little Bolsheviks
From far Fakeovia,
Young Ivan Cutyourthroatovich,
His little sister Alix Thengohangyourself,
And pleading, sad-eyed, sought
Admission
To the hospitable door.

The kind warm-hearted door man opened wide,
But Uncle Sam
Who saw them from the settin' room
Stood up in his big boots
And said
"See here, you let those imps of Satan
In
And I'll jest let ye know
I'll kick you
Out!"

CYCLE

"Concourse in arms, fierce faces threatening war."

Against the hordes from out the East stood fast
The Knighthood of the West ;
Withstood the savage blast
And charged with lance in rest.
Skyward the war-cry rings!
"Make safe the world for Kings!"

Against the Kings the Peoples of the earth
Foregathered for the fray,
To try the issue of the greater worth
Of ruling self or rule by such as they.
Skyward the Peoples' battle-cry!
"We make the world safe for Democracy!"

Against the hordes from out the East stand fast
The Peoples of the West
But bending in the blast
Of Worst against the Best.
Skyward the slogan shrieks!
"Make safe the world for Bolsheviks!"

Against the Worst the Best throughout the earth
Foregathered for the fray,
To try the issue of the greater worth
Of Righteousness or rule by such as they.
Forward the legions trod!
"Make safe the world for God!"

LEAGUE OF NATIONS

**“and the law of faith
working through love upon their hearts shall write.”**

While Presidents and Premiers match minds
With heads I win and tails you lose
Behind closed doors and lowered blinds;
While still more pointless the world finds
The Fourteen Points than even it had thought
And mutters “what’s the use;”
While the millenium remains unwrought
By magic of their spell, and still not yet
Not even half a league have they progressed
Onward to that great League they all professed
To be so keen about
When talking through their high silk hats abroad
That looks so different sitting ’round the board
With all its inwards out;
While Peace alone is told to mind its business;
While Prophets taking counsel whirl in dizziness
As whirling dervishes, anoint with perspiration,
Proclaim from addlement God-given inspiration;
While waits the world to come into its own,
Our little League of Nations here in town
Goes on as it has done since its creation.

First coming into town, last going out,
There comes a Yankee’s place. About
An hundred rods beyond a Yorkshireman
By birth, reborn American,
Lives in an ancient house beneath the spread
Of mighty elms that tower overhead.
Their lands march side by side, and though a wall
Of mossy stones sets off the bounds, yet stones will fall
As though by hands unseen, and vagrant cows
Stroll through enticing breach intent to browse
On cabbages or corn, but not so far
Has either neighbor girt himself for war
And slain his neighbor and his neighbor’s wife
And put his screaming children to the knife
For even such more warrantable cause
Than potentates are wont to find for wars.

Not far from these two fair-haired Vikings live,
And in their shop as busy as a hive
With hum of planer, lathe, and saw
Turn out the sleds and wagons for
Their neighbors on their farms. A son of France
By way of Canadaw now plants
His potat' in the field unfortified
Against the thrifty German on whose side
Of the low wall grow early peas
And rows on rows of luscious strawberries.
On up the road a swart Italian tends
His herd of cows and every morning sends
A bright platoon of milk cans to the train
And fetches them at night to fill again.
These are our Leaguers, neighbors each to each.
They need no fading covenants to teach
Their hearts wherein their greater interest
And duty lies; what is the best
In the long run, and that to over-reach
With guile or the high hand
Is not to become blest
In the ill-gotten thing or ill-done deed.
Each comes to each in time of need
In offered helpfulness. On call
For common need and service all
Respond fullhandedly, as when the lightning struck
The schoolhouse last July. The old hand truck
And chemical got on the job so quick
They had it out before the flames could lick
A shingle up. Another time a tough
Cheap crowd of motor sports came through
And stopped down at the store and thought they'd do
The place up, but enough
Good able-bodied Leaguers happened on the scene
To throw them out and into their machine
Although there was no covenant to treat 'em rough.
These things and more they do, unbound
By covenant or pact.
But for the common good as they have found
The knowledge of it do they act
As kindly helpful men the whole world round.
Nor do they seek to justify their works
By bleats of Brotherhood or their love for Turks.

THE COVENANT

Pleased highly those Infernal States.” “The bold design

“To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not.”

When Man sets up his man-made laws in place
Of those divinely made;
When scribes on parchments set displayed
Their manufactured terms in substitute for those the

 grace
Of God has put within Man's heart
From which he may depart
A while but not stand lost and strayed
Save in disgrace;
That which is out is out.
That which is in is in.
No more; that sin
May be defined within the bound
Of its four corners, that which is not found
Therein so standing virtuous. So if he bind
Himself that he not steal
Then may he find himself and feel
Full free to burn and slay, and flout
The minions of the moral law
Come pounding at his door to tell him its intent
Was likewise in the instrument,
Not out of it, when for
That it should stay out did his lawyer draw
The covenant, that thought be free
Of conscience and morality.
So if a man sees fit
To bind himself to stand
And look on children slain, and say that it
Is nothing for his hand to stay
Until another speaks,
This may he do with covenant and seal,
And yet how will he feel when comes the day
That he stands all alone and knows he cannot stay
Against the mob

Then come to slay or rob
Him of his child, the while those others prate
Of rights within the instrument and seek
For loopholes in the deed that they may break
Its law and likewise stand
While he goes down beneath a bloody hand.
Yet had the document been left undrawn
Not one of them who signed who had not gone.
“Be noble, and the nobleness that lies in other men
Sleeping but never dead, will rise in majesty
To meet thine own.”
The false gods come when the true gods have flown.

ACHILLES

**“The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat.”**

Upon the platform of the League
Stood he who builded it,
Against the world intrigue
That sought to lay it low.
With dazzling words he gilded it
Till that which was and that which was not so
Blurred in refulgent glow.
Up bounded to his side as great Achilles leaped
From out his chariot on the plain of Troy
Another one, in lore and wisdom steeped
As Diomed had been in Stygian flood
Save at the heel. This one, with shouts of joy
As at salvation Sunday shown, proclaimed it good
And started in to prove how black was white
And white was black with all his weighty might.
Old Democraticus himself was in the crowd,
And looking up to him who stole his thunder
Knew well that he would never be allowed
Upon the platform, so he crawled in under,
And with a hatchet trenchant as the one
Which once laid low a famous cherry tree
He smote the platform's props till all was done
Save one last whack to save Democracy.
He whacked. A flying nail like dart of steel
Pierced the new convert in the heel,
And as the platform fell fell he
Upon the one who toyed with Destiny.
So do the mighty fall from where they sit
If speak they not the Truth, naught else, and all of it.

LOHENGRIN

"Oh prophet of glad tidings, finisher
Of utmost hope."

Sat tite within his littel bote
Upon ye Stream of Wordes
Now comes ye Happy Warrior
Drawn by two gentil birdes.
Drawn by two gentil birdes, sirs,
Drawn by two gentil birdes.
Now comes ye Happy Warrior
Drawn by two gentil birdes.

"What is thy name," the Herald cried;
"Thy armes I do not know."
" 'Twas Lohengrin before ye warie;
Now I am hight Woodrow."
Now he is hight Woodrow, sirs, etc.

Then did he smite ye villayne sore
Full straight on ye midriff
And with a few well choosen wor'les
Despatched ye foul caitiff.
Despatched ye foul caitiff, sirs, etc.

Clad in his snow-whyte panoply
Free from all rust of pryde
He deigned to take fair Elsa
To be his promised bride.
To be his promised bride, sirs, etc.

But 'ere the consummation
Of their connubial blisse
He took her forehead in his hands
And planted a chaste kiss.
And planted a chaste kiss, sirs, etc.

"My dear," he said in gentil tone,
I prithee turne not pale,
But I must hie to gay Paree
To seek ye Holy Grail.
To seek ye Holy Grail, sirs, etc.

And then he tore himself away
And beat it for his shippe.
Ye littel bote was all too frail
To stand ye ocean trippe.
To stand ye ocean trippe, sirs, etc.

And now by wireless he sends
Kind messages to Elsa,
And she, forsaken, trusting mayde,
Believes all that he tells her.
Believes all that he tells her, sirs, etc.

LAOCOON

“thick swarming now
With complicated monsters, head and tail.”

“Fear ye the Greeks when come they bearing gifts.
That Horse which seeks admittance at our gates and lifts
Its crest on high above our battlements
As would it spy upon us represents
But one more trick Ulysses has devised
That Troy may be surprised.
Destroy this thing nor tempt the Fates
By dragging it within our gates.”

So spoke the priest of the Far-darting One,
Laocoon,
In the full truth the God had sent
Like light into his heart,
And with his two sons went
Into the shrine, apart
From all the discord and the mutterings
Truth brings.

Then sought them there two serpents from the sea,
Twin monsters of Untruth, and throwing fold on fold
Around their limbs swift strangled them in agony
That no more Truth be told.
So let it be when Untruth men proclaim
Within our walls! Then let Apollo send
Upon their lies his light
And Pythons twain the rostrum to ascend
To end the shame
And crush them in their might.

THE CREELS

"In show plebeian Angel militant
Of lowest order."

If ever once the Country gets the Truth,
The whole of it
And nothing but,
With nothing shut
Out from the light by those who minister to it;
If only once they gave
It white in all its nakedness
Unclothed in fakedness
Instead of swathed in veils
Of words and phrases fit for fairy tales,
Then in good sooth
'Twould seek to find
Had it gone blind
Or did its ministers but rave.

THE DRUMMER

“Bold deed thou hast presumed.”

From the home office fared the drummer forth
With sample case in hand.
Yet samples bore he none
Of the sound merchandise of worth
His house put out and planned
To send abroad now war was done
To help rebuild the havoc of the Hun.
That which he sought to sell in secret thought
Was not for trunk or case,
But in a brain distraught
With dreams of power and place
He carried schemes that could be bought
For his own sole account
So might he mount
Though fell the credit of the house into disgrace.
Came in expense accounts for dinners, wines, cigars,
But still no business done.
Long cabled messages of matching minds
With other drummers sitting with closed blinds
As drummers take their fun
Up in their rooms or in the hotel bars.
Then came a copy of a contract made, unauthorized.
And as the partners read with eyes surprised
They saw beyond a doubt
That he had sold them out.

THE SCOTCHMAN

Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.”
“and found arms

A Scotchman once there was
Who sat in an high place,
Some said by God's good grace,
So high he was he said above the laws
He sat and flouted them, and claimed
Prerogative that never had been named
As his, and with a frowning brow
Threatened the people's representatives
Who dared to disallow
His mandates at the peril of their lives.
Then fell the hand of Fate upon his neck,
And from the wreck
Of broken oaths and covenants and wars
He fled
To save his head.
'T was James of England. Who did you think it was?

THE MEEK

**"Go whither fate and inclination strong
Leads thee."**

Beyond four years we heard the awful roar
From the hot throats of guns grown gruff
From bellowing their wrath
Without surcease.

Now bids it fair to be four more
Before the orators will have enough
Of words and start upon the path
To Peace
From loss of breath
In trying to talk war to death.

To League or not to League!
So does the question lie
As put before the mind.
Wise stay-at-homes now find
That men went forth to die
With that high purpose sole within their hearts,
And so each one imparts
The truth to us without the least fatigue
To his own soul,
While those who fought and found the goal
They sought and now are done with it
Reply "Oh hell, get on with it!"

So in two warring camps we split,
The men who would get on with it
And those whose little course were run
If war and all its train were done
And teaching, preaching, screeching, found no one
To sit in wide-eyed marvel at their feet
To hear them bleat.

Why not provide that those the sheep-like ones
Who seek their fate as sheep bell-wethers seek,
The mulish ones who follow after mares
And those whose burdened souls would shift their cares

To Councillors, Mikados, Woodrows, Kings,
Content with little places in such suns
Of Destiny themselves, well knowing that the meek
Are the inheritors of all that brings
Contentment on the earth—that those apply
As mandatories for the loving tutelage
Of those benighted ones beneath the burning sky
Of Africa or where the South Seas rage
And teach and preach and screech their heart's content
Upon their heads, and their lip-service yield
To any League that deigns to lend its shield
To hover them.

Then as was meant
By all our fathers' words and deeds,
Their monuments and screeds
As we their sons know well their worth,
Let those remaining, feet upon the earth
Our fathers' blood made free
Maintain that freedom to preserve its destiny.
So shall Peace be.

THE BIG FIVE

**"All things invite
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order."**

Five big strong men stood straight up in their boots
And smiled, each at the other one, in fellowship.
And now they dared confess it.

How express it!

"See here, I'll tell the world," said Sam.

"If any son of a gun shoots

His gat at one of us, or tries to get a grip

On anything of his'n that ain't his,

I'll jest make it my biz,

And I don't give a damn

Who 'tis!"

What do you fellers say?

Will you help out

Same way

If some fine day

Ye hear me shout?

Will ye draw cards and play?

"Righto!" said John.

Francois said "Bon!"

And moved too much to speak

Kissed Sam right on the cheek!

"Si!" cried Antonio;

The Samurai breathed "Bushido!"

"And now suppose" said Sam, "one of us guys

Gets kind of sore

Agin' some other guy about somethin' or other.

I got sore once on my own mother.

I've been in fam'ly rows before.

Now s'pose each feller tries

To see where trouble lies

And straighten the thing out;

There ain't a doubt

All hands could fix it,

Before he starts to mix it."

“Righto!” said John.
Francois said “Bon!”
And moved too much to speak
Kissed Sam right on the cheek!
“Si!” cried Antonio.
The Samurai breathed “Bushido!”

“And now let’s tell the world,” said Sam,
“Seein’s we’re under way,
If any mean cuss sets
His dog on any kid, or gets a-gettin’ gay
With helpless wimmin-folks and such
And jest so much
As puts a hand on ‘em,
By Heck!
We’ll all come bilin’ down right on his neck.”
“Righto!” said John.
Francois said “Bon!”
And moved too much to speak
Kissed Sam right on the cheek!
“Si!” cried Antonio.
The Samurai breathed “Bushido.”
“That’s fine” said Sam.
“We’ll jest call it a day
And go up to the League.
The Sox are goin’ to play.”

NOAH

**“The one just man alive; by his command
Shall build a wondrous ark.”**

Back in the Ark he cometh with his Covenant,
High from the ridgepole its banner bright unfurled.
Back to his job the President Perambulant
Tucked in his pocket the job to run the world.

Now but the price remains that he must pay for it ;
Only a song we may no longer sing ;
Only a flag to lower to make way for it ;
Only some paper scraps upon the wind to fling.

High in the Ark he chanteth loud his orison.
Peers through a porthole and seeketh for a sign.
And lo, a gull came winging from the horizon
Fast in its greedy beak a sinker, hook, and line.

DELIVERANCE

**"With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout
Confusion worse confounded."**

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts and glad Te Deums
chant!

And glory to our champion, our Henry of Nahant!

Let the Administration rage and all its minions rant,
For our Navarre has knocked the tar out of the Cov-
enant.

And Washington, our Washington, that looked upon the
fray

Again let rapture light thine eyes that things went well
that day.

As thou wert constant in our ills, be constant in our joy,
For cold and stiff and still lies that which would thy will
destroy.

Hurrah! Hurrah! as Ivry won her freedom for fair
France

Hurrah! Hurrah! for Henry and our deliverance!

Although our hearts were beating our courage was not
damped;

We saw the army of the League—its votes all rubber-
stamped.

The mild men and the wild men, its Prophet's chosen
pets,

With Hitchcock's well-trained infantry and Underwood's
cadets.

Entrenched sat tight fierce Overman; sat bone-dry Wil-
liams tight,

While pawed and pranced proud Pomerene all eager for
the fight.

And as we looked on them we thought of what our Col-
onel said

And seemed to hear his spirit's wings swift beating over-
head.

Then prayed we to our fathers whom perils could not
daunt,

To rise up from their graves and fight with Henry of
Nahant.

Now Henry comes to marshal us and point where we
shall stand,
His snow-white Panama rolled up like truncheon in his
hand.
He looked upon his comrades and his pride shone in his
eye—
He looked upon the Leaguers and his glance was stern
and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us as rolled from seat to
seat
Across our front a deafening shout, "Go to it; they're
our meat!"
"And if they seek to try more tricks with 'Politics ad-
journd',
For one can best stab in the back the while a back is
turned,
Press where ye see my truncheon wave amidst the ranks
of war,
And be your oriflamme today my snow-white Panama!"

Hurrah! the foes are moving; hark to the mingled din
Of muttered curses, grunts, and groans as they their
votes put in.
The fiery Ashurst leads the way into the fierce melee
And goes down into nothingness before our Brandeggee.
Swanson, the League's own Lohengrin, then dashes
forth alone
And meets him from Missouri, the Man who Must be
Shown.
Loud sounds the crash of splintered lance, and toppled
from his steed
Down goes the gentle Lohengrin; unbroken stands the
Reed!

Brave clansmen twain from Erin's Isle met in the deadly
fray,
Shillalaghs shattered at their blows but nothing them
could stay,
Until young David chanced to think of his old name-
sake's trick
That slew the mighty Philistine and let go with a brick.

Then as his forebear smote the rock and made its waters
flow
So did the valiant Moses' mace the arid Jones lay low.
"Now by the lips of those ye love, methinks we've got
their goat!
Strike as good Union men should strike, and pile up
every vote!"

Now God be praised the day is ours—Hitchcock cries
"Compromise!"

What were our Reservations then, to any but blind eyes!
Bold Burleson has slunk away; Tumulty flies the field
To tell the waiting Propheteer the pygmies would not
yield,

But being not too proud to fight had won what seemed
to be

The thing on which his heart was set, a Peaceless Vic-
tory.

The ground was strewn with well-crossed t's and heaped
with dotted i's

While from the wounded Leaguers came the sounds of
mournful cries.

And then we thought of vengeance and all along our van
"Remember now the Fourteen Points!" was passed from
man to man.

But out spoke gentle Henry: "Those men are not our
foe;

Forgive; they know not what they did; Let's go and get
Woodrow!"

Oh was there ever such a Knight who would such mercy
grant

As he our valiant champion, our Henry of Nahant!

Ho! maidens of Geneva; Ha! maids of gay Paree!

Weep, weep and rend your hair for those you never more
shall see.

Those gallants of the Conference who found time with
their schemes

For little dinners set for two and suppers at Maxim's;
Those sages and those counsellors who only could un-
bend!

To pick up the dropped handkerchief of some new lady
friend;
The Houses and the Bakers, the Lansings and the Creels,
And all those little mannikins and all their little wheels.
For the God who gave His Covenant in fire and in smoke
Has sat in judgment on this Thing and said it should be
broke.
Then glory to the God of Hosts and glad Te Deums
chant!
And glory to our Champion, our Henry of Nahant!

REQUIEM

"Twixt upper, nether and surrounding
fires."

Who killed the Treaty?

"I" said Woodrow.

"I, with my No!

I killed the Treaty."

Who saw it die?

"I did," said Hi,

"Squashed like a fly.

I saw it die."

Who'll lay it out?

"I will," said Lodge,

"I will not dodge.

I'll lay it out."

Who'll send it roses?

"I," said George Moses,

"Nice prickly posies.

I'll send it roses."

Who'll toll the bell?

"I," said Bill Borah,

"She'll be a roarer!

I'll toll the bell."

Who'll build the box?

"I," said Phil Knox,

"Something that locks.

I'll build the box."

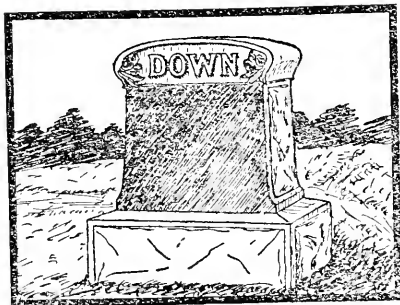
Who'll give the oration?

"I, Reed from Missouri!

Hell's bells and fury!

I'll give the oration!"

Who'll dig the grave?
"We," said the people.
"If we would save
What the Lord gave
We'll dig the grave."



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